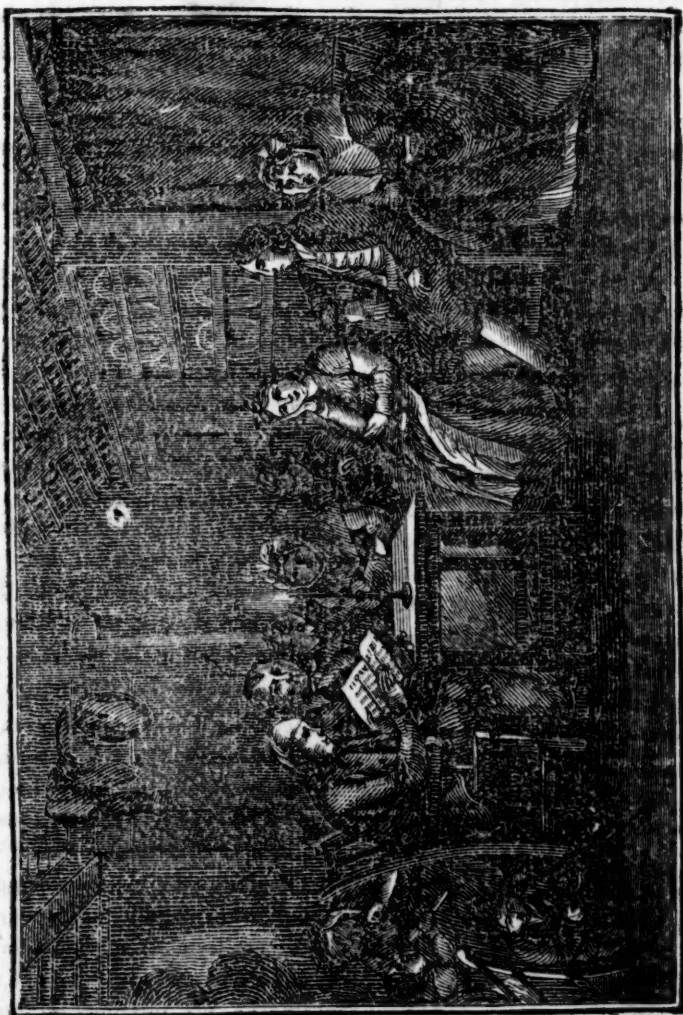

THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1840.

NO. 7.



Biographical.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

"An idiot laugh the welkin rings
As genius thus degraded lies."

Unhappy Burns! Such is the exclamation that a perusal of the history and writings of Scotland's "bonniest" poet wrings from our lips. That a mind, sensitive,

powerful and vigorous as his—a mind, that, despite of lowly birth, deficient education, and obscure youthful friendships, forced itself into almost universal notice in the world of letters, by the simple beauty of its own unequalled (in their kind) productions; that such a mind should be the duped victim of the grosser faculties, the slave of the senses, is a melancholy and deplorable thought: yet such was the fact in Robert Burns. His appetites, ardent, fu-

rious and, at length, untameable, captivated the will and silenced the monitions of reason, and Scotia's latest, sweetest bard perished a self-immolated victim at the shrine of sensual gratification.

Burns was a native of Ayrshire, in Scotland. He was born near the town of Ayr, on the 29th of January, 1759. His parents were poor, but honest and industrious, though the subjects of severe and constant misfortunes.

Robert's early education was principally obtained at the parish school of Dalrymple, and extended to a considerable acquaintance with English grammar, and a scanty knowledge of the French language. He shewed, at a very early period, the possession of a strong taste for bookish pursuits, which he retained to the years of manhood.

His first poetic production was the result of his attachment to a "bonnie lassie" of his village, and was designed to commemorate his affection in the blythesome strains of song. This was in his sixteenth year.

He continued in his obscure situation until after his twenty-fourth year, when he projected a plan of bettering his fortunes by emigrating to Jamaica, in the West Indies; and actually engaged his passage out, and a situation as warehouse clerk upon his arrival, when a circumstance occurred to prevent his leaving the "bleak, majestic hills" of Scotland, and to hand his, hitherto unknown, name to the eulogistic trump of fame.

This circumstance was the advice of some friends, who knew of his talents, to publish an edition of the poems he had occasionally composed, by subscription, as a means of defraying the expenses of his intended voyage. He consented. The edition sold rapidly; the literary were in rhapsodies with the humor and genuine poesy of this little book, and all, whether old or young, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, were alike delighted. His friends now advised him to proceed to Edinburgh to publish another edition. To this he consented, and in a short time he was the theme of almost every lip; his popularity was unbounded, and his poems sold with

surprising rapidity. Mr Burns was now introduced into fashionable and learned society. The first families in Edinburgh did not feel themselves disgraced by his society; the Ayrshire farmer was forgotten in the Scottish bard, and in this latter capacity all classes were proud of his acquaintance. Having realized the sum of £500 by the sale of his poems, and having made a tour of a considerable part of Scotland and a small part of England, he once more turned his attention to farming, and after marrying his "Jeanie," he hired the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries.

Unfortunately for Burns, his late good fortune had introduced him to a number of convivial clubs, where he imbibed habits of intemperance that ultimately proved his destruction. These habits were increased, while he occupied Ellisland, by his appointment to the office of exciseman, which necessarily exposed him to many overpowering temptations, and introduced him to many boon companions.

But while employed in following the plough, the muse was not wholly slighted. Occasionally, he soared to Parnassian heights, and plucked celestial fruits. These were published to the world by Mr Thomson, in his collection of Scottish songs.

Receiving a new appointment from the board of excise, he left Ellisland, and removed to Dumfries. Here, he was more exposed than ever to temptations. He felt his physical constitution giving way under the effects of convivial roysterings and bacchanalian revels, and many were the purposes, he formed, of amendment. But these purposes were a "rope of sand," and continuing his intemperate practices, he was seized with a fever, which terminated his unhappy career on the 21st of July, 1796, at the age of thirty-seven.

In person, our poet is described as being nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form combining agility with strength. His forehead was well formed, and expressed uncommon capacity; his hair was black and curling, his eyes were large, dark, and full of fire, his face well formed, and his whole countenance interesting.—

He possessed considerable dignity of manner, and inspired the mind of the stranger with an idea of respect worthy of "pale Scotia's" bard. His conversation was fascinating in the extreme, which in some measure accounts for that ardor with which his society was courted.

His poems are characterized by the two greatest marks of genius, mental power and deep sensibility, mingled in many of his pieces with an inimitable vein of humor. The subjoined is one of his more serious pieces, and has long possessed a deserved celebrity: the engraving at the head of this article, beautifully illustrates the principal scene in the poem.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

November chill blows loud with angry sigh;

The short'ning winter day is near a close:

The miry beasts retreating from the plough,
The blackening train of crows to their repose;

The toil-worn Cotter, from his labor goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stagger thro'

To meet their dad, wi' fluttering noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth stone, his thriftie wife's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does all his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

By and by the elder bairns come dropping in,

At service out, among the farmers round;
Some drive the plough, some herd, some headful run

A cannie errand to a neighbor town:

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,

In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,

Come home, perhaps, to show a fine new gown,

Or deposit her service penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,

And each for other's welfare kindly spiers: (asks)

The social hours, swift-winged unnoticed fleet;

Each tells the wonders that he sees or hears;

The parents, partial eye their hopeful years;

Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, with her needle and her shears,

Makes old clothes look almost as well as new;

The father mixes all with admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,

The youngsters all are warned to obey;

"And mind their labors with a faithful hand,

And ne'er, tho' out of sight to dally or to play:

And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!

And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!

Lest in temptation's path ye go astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, who kens the meaning of the same,

Tells how a neighbor-lad came o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convey her home.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,

While Jenny, partly, is afraid to speak;

Well pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

With kindly welcome Jenny brings him in;
A handsome youth; he takes the mother's eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taken;
The father talks of horses, ploughs, and kye (cows).

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But bashful and sheepish, scarce can well behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth so bashful and so grave;

Well pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave (others).

O happy love! where love like this is
found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond com-
pare!

I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this de-
clare—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleas-
ure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale."

Is there a human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting
youth!

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their
distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,

The wholesome porridge, chief of Sco-
tia's food:

The milk their only *Hawkie* (cow) does
afford,

That yont (beyond) the hallan (wall)
snugly chews her cud:

The maid brings forth in complimentary
mood,

To grace the lad, her well-spared cheese,
full,

And oft he's prest, and oft he calls it good;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a twelvemonth old, since flax
was in the bell.

The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the fire-place form a circle
wide;

The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big old Bible, once his father's pride:

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His grey locks wearing thin and bare:

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,

He reads a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise:

They tune their hearts, by far the no-
blest aim:

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures
rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the
name:

Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward
flame,

The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are
tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures
raise;

No unison have they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the friend of God on
high;

Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire;

Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;

How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second
name;

Had not on earth whereon to lay his
head;

How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land:

How *he* who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;

And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal
King,

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future
days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear.

Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;

While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will de-
sert;

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleas'd the language of
the soul;

And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,

Disguising of the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content?

And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;

Who dar'd so nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,

In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

FEMALE EDUCATION.—The names of countries and cities are generally female and with reason, for it is mothers that found and uphold states.

Popular Tales.

THE TRANSFORMED:

OR, THE GOTH'S TRIUMPH.

On a summer evening, at the beginning of the fifth century, two females might be seen reclining in pensive attitudes near an open verandah in one of the most splendid quarters in Rome. It was not the "eternal city" in her day of pride, of just pride, when noble and true hearts beat for the empire; when her citizens united the simplicity of the ancient with the polish of modern manners; when rude virtue won the prize from graceful vice; and her mailed legions went out from her borders to conquer and add new kingdoms to those they had already bravely gained, and worthily kept. Rome had shrunk, timid, terrified, and ashamed. A feeble bravado had taken the place of conscious power; and words, not deeds, were the fashion of the time. Weakened by luxury, and debased by vice, she trembled at the sounds which, year after year, came nearer and louder to announce her destruction. But she was incapable of defence, and with the desperate shouts of revelry she drowned the voice of patriotism. Silken robe and scented tress took the place of glittering cuirass and pondered javelin; and the banquet song and dance that of the fatiguing military evolutions. The Roman legions had declared that armour was "too heavy" for them to lift.

A pusillanimous coward sat on the throne of the brave and wise Theodosius. Alarmed by the first echo of the approach of a hostile force, he had hurried from Rome and shut himself up in a secure and distant fortress, whence he despatched from time to time promises of relief and succor, which he had neither the means nor intention to fulfil. Meanwhile, left to their own resources, the people, worthy of such a ruler, gathered in their splendid palaces, or loitered in their public streets; and with perfume, song, and wine, wiled away the hours, which each brought closer to their walls, a fierce and savage foe, irritated by long injuries and burning with ambition and revenge.

Of the two females mentioned at the opening of our tale, one was of mature years, and the other in the first blush of life. They were mother and daughter. The close mourning weeds, that swept the pavement of colored marble; the sad

brow, which now anxiously fixed on the vacant sky, and then on the young face before her, spoke of trials endured and submitted to, as best she might; but there was little of animation in the aspect. The wife and widow of a murdered hero, the daughter of the dead Emperor, and the sister of the reigning coward, had little to hope, and nothing to cheer her.

With her soft eyes raised to her mother's face the young girl said,

"You are often sad, my mother, but to-day there seems something ominous and fearful in your depression; you look continually to the north, as if you expected something terrible from thence. Tell me, my mother; let me at least share your sorrow."

The widow of Stilicho looked mournfully at her daughter's young brow, and parted the golden curls on her neck.

"Are not the foes of my country so near that I can catch the sound of their coming? and do you, my daughter, ask why I fear? It may be fancy, but in every breeze I hear the ring of steel, the whirr of the axe, the heavy tread of thousands! I could bear to die—but to see thee die! best beloved—to be girt round—hemmed in—crushed, slaughtered like beasts! to be knocked down without a blow struck in our defence. Oh! for a trumpet note that would stir up one throb of the ancient manhood of Rome!" She bent her head in her robes to hide the sobs of grief and rage that burst from her.

"And is it, indeed, so near, and so real? And do you fear the danger, my mother? Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"To what end, my Julia? to see that cheek, whose rose-hue is all that now keeps life in my heart, withered by mortal fear? to see that eye dilated by terror, helpless terror; for what can *we* do?"

But youth never despairs, and with her face overspread with a smile of hope, Julia replied,

"Be comforted, my mother; I know not why, yet I am sure we shall not be left a prey to the spoiler."

"Dreams, daughter of my heart. Alas! you, who have known and heard from year to year of the occasional sallies and attacks of the barbarian hordes, and have seen the comparative ease with which they have been repulsed, have no conception of the enemy who now menaces us. At the head of myriads of fierce savages, sanguinary as the panther of the desert, is a warrior so dexterous and

subtle, so cruel and heartless, that to mention his name is to say at once there is no hope for enervated, debased, wretched Rome. I know not what I fear, but I hope nothing. Alaric, is a name to chase the blood from my cheek. It is the spell, Julia, of every Roman mother to frighten her refractory child to submission and silence."

"The Visigoth must be very terrible!" said Julia, in a trembling voice, "but yet my mother, let us hope! I cannot bear thus to see you give way to despair. Be comforted."

The matron shook her head and smiled fondly at the young enthusiast, as she wrapped her head in her veil and descended towards the grove that bordered aside of the palace, to take her accustomed walk.

"It is the hour," whispered she, and her heart beat thickly as she wound rapidly into the heart of the wood. "The sun is low on the spire of St. John. The nightingale's first note is in my ear. But is this a time for love-tales? Heartless Julia!"

While she thus accused herself the young girl hurried on, faster and more fast; her heart fluttered, her eyes swam, her cheek deepened, her step faltered, her blood stopped—she was in the arms of her lover.

She had paused in a fitting spot for the consecration of pure and holy affection, like that which warmed the heart of the two. It was an area of a few feet, over which the blooming magnolia and the drooping acacia bent in a fragrant arbor, and in the midst of which a fountain stood, so exquisitely chiseled that it seemed worthy the place it had once held as the tutelar deity of the spot. Psyche reclined, dreaming of her boy-god lover, meanwhile he was bending over her, his beauty softened and etherialized by the contemplation. The lover of soul is worthy to confer the gift which he possesses, of immortality. "I have but an instant to be with you, beloved," said the youth in evident haste and agitation. "Danger is nearer than we have apprehended. But you are safe now. Whatever comes, trust to my arm and heart, which can never fail you while the life-blood nerves either. I can see you no more for a few days; but if, in the period of danger which I fear—if insult or cruelty, which God forbid, should threaten you, show this ring; it is a certain protection. I cannot now tell you how

it became mine, but it was once the fierce tyrant's, and will be respected by all who follow his banner."

"Ah! Manlius," said the weeping girl. "will you not go and console my mother with the assurance of our safety? She is wretched, and I am so that I cannot comfort her."

"Some happier day, my own Julia, but not in this moment of terror. Farewell. I ought even now to be miles from you." He pressed the weeping Julia to his heart, and was lost in the wood. She carefully placed the ring upon her finger, and examined the stone. Apparently it was of little value. It was an agate of a sea-green color, and carved with a device of a sword half buried in the earth.

A sigh of disappointment mingled with the regret with which Julia turned towards the palace. True, her lover had given weighty reasons for their hitherto clandestine meetings; true, his duty to Rome called him away from her, but Julia was young, and love is selfish. She almost wished he were less dutiful, less considerate even of herself; she wished he could be by her side, and then she felt she could meet danger and death with fortitude. But the untold and immediate danger unnerved her; she quickened her pace and hurried to the arms of her mother. As she emerged from the wood she met one of the slaves of the household, bearing a silver chalice. The menial was a barbarian; one of the myriads of Goths who had been brought by the fortune of war, from the freedom of his mountain home, to study the caprices, to watch the humors, and to die at the bidding of his captor. He stood respectfully, till Julia had passed him, but with eyes fixed on her face, with an expression so intense and peculiar, that she stopped and said with her accustomed kindness,

"Did you wish to speak to me, Bleda?"

The slave cast down his eyes, and replied in a stifled voice,

"No, lady."

He waited a moment for her to pass on, but she remained standing. Looking irresolutely at her and then around him, as if to ascertain that no person was near he said, emphatically,

"Lady! know you what awaits you? The sun has set whose rising will see Rome a captive. Death or slavery is the portion of every Roman. Let not your cheek pale. You have been kind to the slave!" he spoke with bitter emphasis.—

"You have not scorned, and buffeted, and lashed; and, therefore, you need not fear. Place that hand in mine—say to me, 'Bleda, I will be thine!' and more than safety, honor, happiness, and power await you. And more, lady, more!" he added, eagerly, as Julia stood in silent and haughty astonishment—"a heart whose every pulse beats now and ever shall only to give pleasure to yours! Stay, lady—you had best!" he took hold of her robe, respectfully indeed, but so as to prevent her moving, while he urged his suit. Julia's eyes flashed with anger, while her frame trembled with fear. She was not ignorant that many of the menials, who thronged the households of the wealthy Romans, had, in their own land, been princes and nobles; for it took but a brave heart, and a strong hand, to form of the tented warrior a chief whose tribe would follow his bidding to death. Bleda, she knew, had been one of these. In one of the barbarian invasions which were now almost annual, he had been taken alive, after every one of his tribe had fallen slaughtered at his feet. He resisted no more, and became a slave to the first bidder.

"Release me, Bleda," said Julia, her manner softening as these remembrances passed through her mind. "I thank you for all you would do for me—I wish—" he dropped her mantle, and looked anxiously at her, while his quick eye flashed with hope; "but I can do nothing, say nothing now—another time—to-morrow."

"There is no to-morrow. Have I not said that Rome is already a captive?" said the slave sternly. "Tell me," he added, his manner changing to entreaty; "tell me if I may hope; for if I can hope I will, I can save."

"Hope for my eternal gratitude—no more."

The eyes of the slave fell on his tattered garment. His cheek became crimson with shame and anger. He tore it from his breast, and exclaimed, fiercely,

"Perish the badge of my shame! Julia, the hour that sees Rome captive, sees me free!—a slave no more—but in my own land a noble, whose blood is not unworthy to mingle currents with thine.—The hour that prostrates Rome places my foot on her neck. Bethink you, lady, of all that is before you—say you will be mine; say I may protect you!"

"Never!" replied the agitated girl, with a firmness that surprised herself, and breaking from his entreaty. The

slave turned suddenly from her with a flashing eye, and walked hastily away. With a frame trembling from a variety of emotions, Julia flew to her mother's apartments. The confusion about the palace had already alarmed her, but the widow of Stilicho looked danger in the face with a steady eye. In a few incoherent words Julia related what had passed during the last few minutes, though she suppressed the incident which had previously agitated her. Her mother listened with calm attention.

"I am not surprised at what you tell me, Julia. The position of Rome must be known even to the slaves. Our senate has defied the Goth, and been answered by his sneer; it has supplicated his mercy, and we have been promised '*our lives*!' as dogs which are not worth the trouble of destroying. What remains, but to die?"

Julia could refrain no longer, but throwing herself at her mother's feet, she murmured, in a faint voice, "Manlius!"

"Manlius! the son of Constantine! the son of my husband's bitterest enemy!"

"I have seen him, my mother. He is not our enemy; he will protect us; he has promised it!"

"And how, my poor child?"

"Alas! I know not."

Serena looked at the bowed form of her daughter. It was no time for reproach; suddenly she exclaimed, as if a new thought shot into her mind,

"Describe to me the person of Manlius."

"Tall, my mother, above the common height of men, with light hair that floats upon his shoulders; and his eyes—" she faltered, and her mother said in a tone of bitterness,

"Go on, finish the picture."

"His eyes are blue, and bright as the eagle's, but soft too—"

Serena placed her hand upon her daughter's mouth.

"The eyes and hair of the son of Constantine are black as night. You have been deceived."

She was interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who preceded into the apartment two deputies from the senate.—With irreverent haste, disregarding the rank and exalted virtues of the wife of their most renowned general, and the sister of their emperor, they at once read their accusation of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Having waited a short space for her defence, which

produced only a disdainful silence, they proceeded to read to her the sentence of death which had been passed upon her. It gave her one day to prepare for death.

"The senate know that my guilt is impossible," said Serena, calmly, "nevertheless, I am ready to die." She waved her hand for their departure, and proceeded, as if nothing had happened, to soothe and revive the senseless Julia.

That night the Gothic army sat down before the walls of Rome. That wretched city experienced the horrid calamities of famine. Without preparation, and without succor, she endured as she might the miseries of a siege. The poor begged of the rich, till the rich had nothing to give. Then rich and poor died together. The living kept life by devouring the most repugnant and unwholesome aliment. The dead strewed the streets. The people begged to be delivered to the sword of the barbarian, rather than meet a pestilential and certain death within the walls. But the senate still kept up the hopeless resistance. However, the enemies of Rome were within her own bosom. At the hour of midnight, the gates of the city were silently opened by the Gothic slaves within, and the trembling inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous note of the barbarian trumpet. The dismay, the confusion, the slaughter are for the pen of the historian, and not for this slight sketch of the fortunes of one whose gentle nature was prompted to suffer rather than to act.

In the midst of the shrieks of flying women and children, who ran, they knew not whither, and the groans of dying men, the form of Julia was seen, by the light of her flaming palace, rushing distractedly out, closely pursued by a Gothic soldier. She was too feeble long to escape, and with the last strength of despair, as she heard his step closer and closer, she turned, and gazed in his face. The soldier paused and wiped the blood from his brow. It was the some-time slave Bleda.

"Resistance is vain, Julia," said he, a smile of triumphant pride lighting up his face. "If you are not mine, you must be the prey of the next who can win a race with you. Come, you are mine whether you will or no."

"Sooner will I be death's!" said Julia, firmly, as drawing from her bosom a dagger, she pointed it at her breast. "One step nearer, and I can, and will release myself for ever from you."

The barbarian hesitated at her firm

and even fierce demeanor. Immediately after, with a strong expression of surprise, he asked, "That ring! whence came it?" In the turmoil of her feelings, Julia had forgotten the ring, which as a talisman of safety, she had almost hopelessly placed on her finger. Her mother had been taken from her by a murderous mandate of her country, and she was left alone to act for herself. She remembered the injunction she had received with the mysterious stone, and holding it towards the soldier, said, with assumed firmness, "Respect it!"

"I do respect it. Henceforth you are safe, lady. I swear that the heaven above us is not more inviolate than you from danger or insult. Follow my steps with what speed you may, since you will not trust me to support you."

With faltering steps the maiden followed the barbarian till he paused before the sanctuary of the Vatican. Here he respectfully conducted her into the church, and left her in charge of the guardians of the place. As he turned to go, and Julia attempted through tears of joy and fear to thank him, "Farewell, lady," said he, "if I have rendered you some service, you will the more readily forgive in me a presumption and cruelty, which I can never forgive myself."

Julia had no time for surprise, and indeed such was the horrid tumult in the city that her personal interests seemed too insignificant for a moment's consideration. Her safety, however, seemed provided for. The Goths, many of them, themselves Christians, respected the Christian sanctuaries, and barbarians as they were, might have given to Rome a lesson of clemency and moderation. But it was an age when war was mere slaughter.

It was night, and carnage itself lay down, wearied, to rest. The morning light brought a message to the trembling gatherers in the church, to join the procession of the Romans who had survived that terrible day, and to pass before the conqueror to receive their sentence. The senate marched first with bowed heads, and were followed by the drooping and dejected soldiers. Then followed the wretched populace, in order and silence. They passed two by two before the imperial canopy which had been erected in one of the public squares, for the temporary accommodation of the barbarian chief. Scarcely dared they raise their eyes to the stern face of the victor, but

glanced restlessly from side to side, as they passed through the long glittering lines, and waving banners of the Gothic soldiery.

Pale as marble, and her face closely wrapped in her veil, Julia tottered along, leaning on the arm of a slave, who even in that terrible hour, remained faithful.—As she passed before the canopy, the files of soldiers closed in before her, lowered their banners till they swept the ground, and a long, wild shout of triumph burst from the assembled armies. Alaric descended from his throne, and taking the maiden's hand in his, placed her by his side. Another shout broke from the Goths. Julia looked around with a bewildered air, and then for the first time at the face of her companion.

"Manlius!" said she, at length.

"My own Julia!"

"Do I dream?"

"A dream that you may be long in awaking from, my Julia. Manlius is no more, or rather he never was but a shadow, to remind you of happy days, and to tell you that the Rome which could sacrifice Serena, is unworthy the regret of Julia. Am I so very dreadful as your Roman nurses tell you, my Julia? She looked in his smiling face and was silent.

* * * * *

History has preserved for us, a slight record of the daring deeds, the desperate valor, and the indefatigable ardor of the mirror of barbarian chivalry. It has given us, too, the mournful record of his premature death. With the assistance of the slight outline which it marks out for us, we may picture to ourselves the fierce mountain torrent, diverted by the stern efforts of his weeping soldiers from its native channel, to receive in its bed the last remains of the hero: we may see the splendid trophies, the rich spoils, the uncounted treasures that adorned the royal sepulchre; through the ages that have since gone by, we may hear the wild wail of his devoted warriors, the long melancholy note that told his descent to his strange and splendid resting place.—We may see the rushing of the river, once more into its natural channel, and hear its moanings forever over the hero's dust in its bosom. But who shall paint the sorrow of the youthful wife? who shall describe the desolation that struck dead on the heart of Julia?

Lady's Book.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Old winter is coming again—alack !

How icy and cold is he !

He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful
knack,

For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is ;

A mighty old fellow for glee ;

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet
miss,

The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he !

Old winter's a frockilsome blade I wot

He is wild in his humor and free !

He'll whistle along for the 'want of his
thought,'

And set all the warmth of our furs at
naught,

And ruffle the laces the pretty girls bought,
For a frolicsome old fellow is he !

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree !

From morning till night he will sing his
song ;

Now moaning and short—now howling
and long,

His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he.

Old winter's a wicked old chap I ween—

As wicked as ever you'll see !

He withers the flowers so fresh and green,
And bites the pert nose of the miss of six-
teen,

As she triumphantly walks in maidenly
sheen—

A wicked old fellow is he !

Old winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you'll see !

He'll trip up our trotters, and rend our
clothes,

And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cry of his friends or his
foes—

A tough old fellow is he !

A cunning old fellow is winter they say,

A cunning old fellow is he !

He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to
gay—

I'm afraid he is peeping at me !

In the general scale of beings, the low-
est is as useful, and as much a link of
the great chain, as the highest.

The Essayist.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

That female education is too superficial is apparent to the most casual observer : the fashionable course of study pursued at many of our female seminaries hardly merits the name of education. What is its *extent*, and what its *object* ? If we may judge from observation, we shall conclude that its extent is *vanity*, its object, *ostentation*. Overlooking the fundamental branches of science, a little grammar, rhetoric, botany, a smattering of French, a few months devoted to music and dancing, and her education is "finished," and the young lady is sent into the world to meet the responsibilities of her station. This course is wrong : utility, the great end of study, is forgotten, the standard of science is lowered, its value depreciated, and this too at the expense of time, health, and money.—But it is easier to censure faults, than to correct them ; of this we are aware, and without making pretensions to great erudition or reading, propose to give a few thoughts, suggested by common sense and observation.

First, then, the grammar of our own language is indispensable, as this is the medium of communicating and receiving thoughts. An accurate pronunciation, an understanding of the meaning of words, and the philosophy of the English language, are of the greatest importance.

Secondly, the fundamental rules of numbers ; having acquired these, a little analysis and discrimination will facilitate their application to the dependent parts of arithmetic.

Thirdly, Natural Philosophy claims attention ; and an attentive perusal of the simple text books of our schools will give one a tolerable insight into the machinery of Nature.

Fourthly, the description of the earth and the history of its inhabitants : these are sister studies and should be pursued in unison ; at least, sufficient History should be interwoven with Geography to interest the scholar and fix localities permanently in

the mind. We should never advance one step in History without definite ideas of our location. These two studies are emphatically practical, and are called into requisition in every situation of life. Yet, notwithstanding their utility, the female portion of community are lamentably ignorant of them. The lady ignorant of these branches, hears of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and inundations, with ideas too vague for recollection. Having never traced their localities on the map or read their history, she is quite at loss to determine in what continent or toward what point of the compass, she shall look for these fearful transactions, and reference to books alone can settle her blind conjectures.

Astronomy, or at least an introduction to the temple, of which the visible heavens are but the portals, is a study too sublime to need commendation. Here is a science fitted for the boldest imagination, the most daring flights of fancy, as well as the rigid demonstrations of mathematics. The astronomer is at home in the great temple of nature, and he measures the dimensions of the visible heavens, and calculates the distances of suns and systems; as familiar with the starry sky as the geographer is with this nether world. A knowledge of Astronomy opens the vastness of creation, shows the insignificance of earth, and the frailty of man, and leads the inquiring mind through the mazes of Nature "up to Nature's God."

These branches we recommend to the attention of every young lady, as the foundation of a sound education: not that we disparage those branches called "ornamental," but we consider them of minor importance. Let the foundation be laid, the edifice erected, and then, if circumstances permit, receive its embellishments and decorations.

General reading should not be neglected: the young lady should keep time with the age. Not that she should read all that issues from the press, for this would be unwise and impossible; but from the great number of the periodicals of the day, she

should select one for literature and taste and another for news. The daughters of New England are too ignorant of the great enterprises of the age. While the young lady is thrumming her piano, nations are struggling into existence, and dynasties expiring, without her knowledge. How few understand the merits of the last glorious struggle of the Greeks for liberty, or the late revolutions of Europe: how few even know the cause of our own disaffection toward the mother country, and the causes of our revolution. We would not advise meek-hearted woman to rush into the arena of politics, but for her own and her children's honor, she should know the aspect of nations, and keep the "run" of the world's accounts. If half the time sacrificed at the shrine of fashion, were devoted to reading *useful* and *instructive* works, good would accrue to both the moral and intellectual powers. We say *useful* and *instructive* books, because the world is flooded with *novels*, which contaminate the mind of their readers, and forever give them a distate for solid reading. Let the young lady beware of the froth of our circulating libraries—the *very scum of literature*. Histories, Memoirs, and standard literary works are accessible to all, which one cannot read without becoming wiser and better. The history of our own country abounds in interesting incidents, man's valor, and woman's devotion.

In addition to the above acquirements, add that of domestic education, which every "good girl" will receive under the parental roof, and her education is—completed? No! not completed, for we give no encouragement to the idea that *learning* will *cease* while *being lasts*—but her education will be acquired, fitted to the exigencies of life and the responsible duties of the female sex.

D.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

BY MRS M. S. B. DANA.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and
pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,

And the bright flush of joy mantled high
on her cheek,

And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her
fond heart

At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this per-
ishing earth,

By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were
bleeding and torn,

And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the
sables of grief,

And her bloom for the paleness of wo!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on
her heart,

And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had
broken in twain,

And fastened it firm to the skies;
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the
voice of her God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under
the rod.*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they mur-
mured her name,

While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with
dew,

When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to his mother he
seemed,

As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw when she gazed on the same
lovely form,

Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told;

But the Healer was there, who had smit-
ten her heart,

And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it
on high,

And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the
voice of her God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under
the rod.*"

I saw when a father and mother had lean'd
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright to
their gaze,

As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life prom-
ised fair,—

And its pathway grew smooth to their
feet,—

And the star-light of love glimmered bright
at the end,—

And the whispers of fancy were sweet;

But I saw when they stood bending low
o'er the grave,

Where their heart's dearest hopes had
been laid,

And the star had gone down in the dark-
ness of night,

And the joy from their bosoms had fled:
But the Healer was there, and his arms
were around,

And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright
upper world,

'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the
voice of their God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under
the rod.*" [Knickerbocker.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

ENVY.

Vixque tenet lacrymas; quia lacrymabile
cernit. OVID.

This is one of the basest and blackest
passions that rankle in the human breast,
destroying the peace and happiness of the
one who permits it, and often of the one
against whom it rages. Hidden within the
deep recesses of the heart where no eye
can penetrate, but that of him from whom
nothing can be hid, it seldom *directly* man-
ifests itself to the light, but *indirectly*, in
accordance with its own meanness, through
the means of some of the most abominable
actions that ever disgrace human nature.—
Enveloped in stygian shades it engenders
a brood of lies, slanders and detractions,
and excites the unhappy victim of its pow-
er to scatter them abroad; unheeding, or
rather rejoicing at the tears, which thus are
caused to flow, and at the sorrow that
swells the bosoms of those who are affect-
ed thereby; and smiling with demoniac
triumph when it sees the fairest characters
withering under its influence like the flow-
er when plucked and scattered to the
winds; or the brightest earthly hopes that
light up man's gloomy pathway, fading as
the rose blasted by untimely frost.

Take an example. M—— was a young
lady, the pride of her parents and the ad-
miration of all who had the happiness to
know her. She was adorned with every
grace that nature bestows, and her mind
had been assiduously cultivated by the

hand of education. She possessed an amiable temper, to which was added the charms of religion, and the meekness of a child of heaven: such was the victim that Envy marked for destruction.

A young man, around whose heart envy had writhed its sinuous folds, and only waited an opportunity to show forth its deadly rage, sought her hand, but was refused. This fired the serpent in his heart and forth issued its dread array of means prepared to blast her character, soil her fair reputation, and wither those blooming charms he could not possess. Too well did they succeed: though few believed the falsehoods and slanders, yet reaching her ear they caused the rose to wither on her cheek, the bloom of health to fade from her brow; and eventually laid her in the silent tomb.

But the author of this wretchedness and woe to others, did not escape; for conscience's keenest stings pierced his soul, and the light of eternal truth flashed ever and anon in scorching rays upon his guilty mind: and thus spending the remnant of his life in wretchedness and misery, the detestation and abhorrence of all the virtuous, he sunk to a dishonored grave.

The Young Lady.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well-looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any hand than Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor for the captain. She was told he had not yet risen, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission proceeded to his berth, and arousing him, addressed him with—

"Good morning, Captain; I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?" replied the astonished captain—believing her to be of a suspicious character—"leave my vessel instantly, if you know what is for your interest."

She next went to the mate's berth, and asked him if he would marry her,—and receiving an answer similar to the captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for, even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city, many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this—the price was paid by the lady—Tudor threw aside his old tarpaulin, and left the store in company with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his majesty, the king himself. They next visited a shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons, and

chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as well as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or to think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was—

"Follow me and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony! This was something of a *damp* to Tudor, but nevertheless he strictly yielded! the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife*.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not, however, until she had given him a sovereign for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room,

and where she had been. He only answered was—

"Thou fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr A., not recollecting his actual name; and for the same reason, I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and before her death, which took place when she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, to the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was a condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr A. his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and every thing went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestations that she should never marry—the reason for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted,

and refuse her associates, by telling them when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza, once more discovered the face of her old friend and servant Juan, burst into tears, and attempting several times to speak, but was unable to. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said herself, almost unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress; speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt, was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better zest than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence!

"What?" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—*my own establishment*—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speak thee, Juan, and thy associates in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutæ of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her

window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her escape from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosed the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for the purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work making a rope (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them in strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours' labor, she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend. She *did* make the attempt, and she was *successful*. Yes, she was liberated from a prison in her own house, where, for "filthy lucre's sake," she had been confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about day-light. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessel lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already had an account.

The surprised and horror-stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!" and then returned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transport of his wife, at the sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed, the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and disappointment of the inhuman uncle and his family—the kind congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many rides into the country, &c. &c.

chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as well as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or to think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was—

"Follow me and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony! This was something of a *damp*er to Tudor, but nevertheless he strictly yielded! the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife*.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not, however, until she had given him a sovereign for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room,

and where she had been. He only answered was—

"Thou fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr A., not recollecting his actual name; and for the same reason, I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and before her death, which took place when she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, to the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was a condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr A. his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and every thing went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestations that she should never marry—the reason for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted,

and refuse her associates, by telling them when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza, once more discovered the face of her old friend and servant Juan, burst into tears, and attempting several times to speak, but was unable to. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said herself, almost unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress; speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt, was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better zest than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—*my own establishment*—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan, and thy associates in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutæ of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her

window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her escape from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosed the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for the purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work making a rope (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them in strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours' labor, she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend. She *did* make the attempt, and she was *successful*. Yes, she was liberated from a prison in her own house, where, for "filthy lucre's sake," she had been confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about day-light. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessel lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already had an account.

The surprised and horror-stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!" and then returned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transport of his wife, at the sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed, the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and disappointment of the inhuman uncle and his family—the kind congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many rides into the country, &c. &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted the box and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the captain what port he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of a like nature, and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabins and other accommodations of the vessel, (all the while avoiding, as far as possible, the scrutiny of the captain,) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed, that he and his lady had some thoughts of soon starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel, the gentleman turned to the captain, and said—

"Capt. —, [calling him by name] before leaving your vessel, permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs Tudor!"

It was not till this moment, that the captain and those around him, recognized, in the elegantly dressed gentleman, their old friend and companion, *Tudor, the Cooper!*—they supposed that some sad, if not fatal accident had befallen him. I once more leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his former associates, bade them good by, but not, however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and his crew to call as often as possible upon him, before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage, and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity and an obedient and respected circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves, that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died as they had

lived since their union, honored by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

From the Saturday Morning Visitor.

JUST SEVENTEEN.

Just seventeen! The sunlight throws
Its beauty on thee now;
And pleasures dance amid the beams
That burn upon thy brow.
Bright friendships cluster in thy way,
Like grapes upon the vine;
O that they ever may remain,
And o'er thy pathway shine.

Just seventeen! The bowers are green,
That woo thee to their shades;
And in the distance flowers of joy
Bedeck the blooming glades:
Hope's brilliant meteor shines afar,
And bids thee haste to share,
The glories of maturer years,
That thy fair form may wear.

Just seventeen! The tempter's wiles
Thy glowing paths bestrew,
And fashion's false delusive star,
Thy happy heart may woo.
And in the gilded halls of pride,
Lured by its treach'rous light,
Thou'lt find too soon in folly's race,
That pain succeeds delight.

Just seventeen! True wisdom waits,
To place thee near her throne,
Where gems of purest brilliancy
Have ever richly shone.
Then go, and at her princely feet,
Seek for that robe of white,
Which wearing, thou may'st surely win
A throne of endless light.

The Wife

THE PARTICULAR LADY.

There is a coldness and precision about this person's dwelling that makes your heart shrink back (that is, if you have the least atom of sociality in your nature) with a lonely feeling, the same which you experience when you go by yourself and for the first time among decided strangers.

Every thing is in painful "order." The damask table cover, you recollect, has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vender's shop, eight years ago—(if the owner had not been so particular it would not have lasted so long;) and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamonds in the drugget they were first placed on; by the bye, do you remember seeing that same drugget off

the carpet underneath? No; for she never has company; the routing, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural—or rather unnatural, life. She is sometimes married, but was never known to have any family; but she is more often single than otherwise. In the days of our good father, Adam, this person did not exist, for ladies were not then so numerous as to be separated into classes as they are now. When it first came to light, we are not sufficiently learned to determine. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet, for mercy's sake, urge them not to be *particular*, in the very essence and quintessence of the word.—She will become hateful in the sight of man, and stand no chance of being married.

I experienced the extreme pleasure of spending a few days with a *particular* friend, (in both senses) a short time ago. Going rather earlier than I suppose she expected me, the first thing I found out, was a spare bedstead and furniture, covered up in a brown Holland case, or, rather, an immense bag.

The bed-side carpets were folded up with the neatness of a silk handkerchief, and the swing-glass was in another bag. Were not these things enough to frighten not *extremely* tidy ones out of their wits? But this was not all; the cabinet piano was enveloped in a shroud which regularly took a quarter of an hour to remove when it was about to be used. The easy chair that Mr — reclined on all day long, was wheeled into another room every night, because the dust in sweeping the parlor before breakfast should not injure it. Of course all the carpeted rooms were covered with drugget, and brown Holland over that. But the dinner table was the best; first, it is *always* covered with a fancy oil-cloth, upon the top of that was put a green baize, and over that was spread the spotless table cloth; fearful of the latter being soiled, every dish and plate stood on a mat, and this said table cloth was always folded up in the same creases, at the end of its use, as at the first day. All the knives, forks and spoons, were rubbed thin and genteel with cleaning. It was awful to go, day after day, into such dustless orderly rooms, though no one is a greater enemy to uncleanness than myself. I sighed—actually sighed—to see dust, if it had been only a single particle.

To the “*particular*,” nephews and nieces are sad plagues, they are so untidy.

See, how careful she steps across the road, watching for every vehicle, and waiting till it is at least a quarter of a mile distant, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her shrunken ankles. She looks as though she were going to bite every passer-by in a crowded thoroughfare, that happens in the least to disarrange her dress. She is generally thin, and scraggy and sallow. It is her constant fidget that wears all the flesh from her bones, and color from her cheeks.

She never can get a servant to stay long with her; I never heard of but one “*Particular*” lady who retained a domestic for six years, but then, she was as “*particular*” as her mistress. * * *

TO MY WIFE,
ABSENT ON A VISIT.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Come home, my dear Elizabeth,
I'm sure, could you but know
The sadness of my lonely hours,
You would not leave me so.

If love could not restrain you,
Sure the *kindness* of your heart
Would not allow that mine so long
Should feel this aching smart.

Like the dove that found no resting
On the weary waters wide,
I wander, but I find no rest
Apart from thee, my bride.

Yes, *bride* I still must call thee,
Though sixteen years have fled,
Fraught with the ills and joys of life
Since the day that saw us wed.

Yes, *bride* I still must call thee,
For still I feel thou art
The morning light unto my eyes,
And the life-blood to my heart.

Kind friends may be around me,
With gentle word and tone,
And all the light gay world may smile,
But still I am alone.

The bright bird that you left me,
Chirps often through the day,
And his music but reminds me
That you are far away.

For your sake I will feed him
With fresh seeds and flowers,

And his morning and his evening song
Shall count my weary hours.

And oft our little Edward
Comes clinging to my knee,
And says with loud and hearty laugh,
"Dear father, play with me."

And when I kiss his little cheek
His bright blue eyes look glad,
And I talk with him and play with him,
But still my heart is sad.

My sun of life, Elizabeth,
Hath pass'd its fervid noon;
I feel the sere and yellow leaf
Will be upon me soon:

But though misfortunes press me,
And the world be false and cold,
Let thy love and presence bless me,
And I'll mind not growing old.

And I'll mind not fortune's frowning,
Nor the heartlessness of men,
When I see thee home returning,
Our abode to cheer again.

YOUNG WIVES. It is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they were intended to signify that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature; whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a great majority would be in favor of those ladies, who, after they had entered into that holy state, rather choose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever—even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgusting to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they can assign two very unamiable reasons for it; one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

PRETTY WOMEN.—Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired; but, in the countenance of woman, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right a man can acknowledge.

Records of Woman.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

MARY OF GUISE.

There have been, in the history of man, periods like those seasons of storm that mark the changes of the usually quiet "trade winds;" periods, when the long established customs of preceding centuries are about to be demolished; when old forms are yielding to novelties; and when society passes through a perfect transformation. These periods stand horribly marked on the blood-stained page of history with the red records of desolation and death. Deeds of treachery, murder, treason, strife and suspicion are rife in such stirring times; and convulsions in church, state and civil society are wrought, whose effects are felt through many a succeeding age. Such a period, was the sixteenth century to Europe. The old feudal system, grown venerable with age, was passing away before the prorogation of royalty, and the silent though mighty influence of the free principles of the reformation.

During that period, Mary of Guise, the subject of our article, made her appearance on the busy stage of life, and for a few years was one of the world's busiest actresses.

This lady belonged to the powerful and chivalric house of Guise, at that time so resistless in their influence over the destinies of France. Her haughty family, anxious to cement the interests of France and Scotland, for the purpose of checking the growing ambition of Henry VIII. of England, married her at an early age, to James V. of Scotland. That monarch, broken hearted, through the defeat of his army of ten thousand men by a detachment of only five hundred English and by the fiery opposition of his nobles, died a few days after Mary gave birth to her first child, since known as the beautiful and unfortunate Mary,

Queen of Scots. This occurred, A. D., 1542.

After her husband's death, Scotland was governed by a regency, as the next heir to the crown, was the infant Mary. The Earl of Arran was appointed to this elevated post by the voice of the nation. His administration becoming unpopular and his military power being broken by the actual destruction of ten thousand troops who fell in a battle with the English, it became necessary to call in the aid of France to prevent Scotland from becoming a mere fief of its powerful neighbor.

At this crisis, Mary of Guise stepped forth from her previous retirement. She perceived that her influence with France was, on account of her birth, invaluable to Scotland, and she determined to use it as a stepping stone to the regency. By deep policy and persevering effort, she succeeded; the Earl of Arran retired from his uneasy honors, and Mary assumed the office and functions of the Regency. Her success is the more remarkable, when it is remembered, than she was the first *woman* who ever filled the Scottish throne.

Her first step after gaining this lofty eminence rendered her extremely unpopular among the high-spirited Scots. She very impolitically appointed her French friends to the various offices of trust and profit round her person, and by favoring the schemes of the French monarch against England, in violation of the true interests of her own kingdom, she added to her unpopularity, and was much mortified and humbled by the refusal of the barons to bring their forces to her aid.

Still, she maintained a powerful influence over the councils of the nation, by the exercise of a profound policy, which, however severely it is, and ought to be condemned by religion, is considered a desideratum in the political world. Ac-

tuated by this policy, she had maintained the friendship of the protestant party in her kingdom by large promises and temporary protection from Catholic persecution. The Catholics, she kept under her power through the vast ecclesiastical prerogatives that were then attached to the crown of Scotland, the principal and richest benefices being in its gift. By this power she controlled the leaders of the papal party, and thus held both parties in her interest.

But the time arrived, in which the politic Queen thought it necessary to throw off the mask and openly aid the papists, who were panting for the martyr-blood of the growing and hated protestant party. To this she was urged by the commands of her brothers, the Guises, in France, who having married the young Mary to the Dauphin of France, claimed for her, the crown and throne of England, in opposition to the claims of Elizabeth, who had just ascended to that lofty elevation. In carrying out this purpose, it was necessary to humble the protestant power in Scotland, and Mary of Guise was required to become their instrument in this part of their plan, and she blindly devoted to the French interest, consented.

Having determined upon this policy, she began to develope it with her usual decision. The decisions of a popish convocation were ratified, a proclamation was issued requiring conformity to the Popish ritual, and she openly declared her intention to *exterminate the protestant religion in Scotland!* She next summoned many of the reformers to Stirling to undergo the formula of a trial; upon this the people took alarm, and immense multitudes assembled to witness the trial of their beloved pastors. So numerous were they, that Mary trembled for her own safety, and promised to stop the trial if they would advance no further. Believing her sincere, they obeyed and dis-

persed; when the Queen meanly summoned them again, and upon their non-appearance, condemned them as outlaws.

This ignoble artifice fired the people with a boundless indignation. The storm broke in violence on her head; the country rose in arms; Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh fell into the hands of the reformers, and at one moment it seemed as if the black night of popery had ceased forever to darken the proud hills of Scotland. But owing to the impossibility of keeping an army long together the protestant leaders were soon left without an efficient force to retain their conquests; and Mary re-took all the towns that had fallen into the hands of her adversaries. She also strengthened her power by a reinforcement of a thousand French troops, whose coming added not a little to the alarm and dissatisfaction of the Scots.

Mary was now fairly and openly at issue with her subjects. She had so openly decided to destroy the growth of protestantism, that that party had now no hope but in opposing force to force; and by her artifices, she had entirely destroyed all confidence in her integrity.

[To be continued]

THE OLD FARM GATE.

BY MRS. E. COOK.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide

The elm-shaded lane from the dusty roadside!

I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch, and its trellis of white,

It is scenery, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.

Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,

But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play,

In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;

For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand,

But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,

Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride;

And the ear of the victor or carriage of state,
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son passed to and fro,

When the moon was above, and the glow-worm below;

Now pensively leaning, now turning his stick,

While the moments grew long and his heart thrabb'd quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd hair?

He lov'd, oh! he lov'd, and had promised to wait

For the one he ador'd, at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet;

And the falling of markets, or the goodness of wheat;

This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—

Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.

The merits and thoughts of a neighbor just dead,

The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
The Parliament doings, the bill and debate—

Were all canvass'd and weighed at the old farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound,

With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.

The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,

But none could leap over that postern like him.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,

And the quickly pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,

Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his freight,

When he climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame

May come winging our moments and gilding our name;

But, give me the joy and the freshness of mind

When, away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—

I've listen'd to music, but none that could
speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-set-
ting creak,
That broke on my ear when the night had
worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the
old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to
trace—
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the nails that my growing hand scarce-
ly could clasp,
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudg-
es to part
With the commonest relic once link'd to
the heart;
And the brightest of fortunes—the kindli-
est fate—
Would not banish my love for the old
farm-gate.

The Mother.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE, AT HER
DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won,
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun
She gaily caroll'd day by day—
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
She turns confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall
twine,

Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wandering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear,
That man's strong heart can ne'er par-
take.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She plac'd 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust, to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasur'd hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the Widow's child.

MATERNITY.

"Lo! at the couch where infant beauty
sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother
keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pen-
sive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy."

The softest, sweetest, the most delicate
and touching feature in the domestic cir-
cle, is where maternal solicitude discovers
itself in the thousand nameless little at-
tentions towards lovely innocence. The
pencil of Raphael would be inadequate to
the task of delineating the expressive, the
soul-thrilling gaze of her whose throbbing
breast beats affection to the precious little
one, lent her from the skies. The open-
ing charms of spring in its livery of green,
the harmony of inspiring sounds from un-
fettered brooks, the newly-peopled woods
and groves, may be considered as affording
pictures of the unfolding beauties of infant
loveliness, and the pleasing train of buoy-
ant thoughts that are imaged up by the
fond mother, while fancying herself al-
ready repaid for all her cares and tears, and
anxieties. These moments are the most
delicious of her existence—moments of
bliss on which she revels. Her feelings,
it is true, are awake, and every pulsation
of her soul trembles like leaves when kis-
sed by whispering breezes. But we speak
of feelings we are incapable of compre-
hending—feelings attuned only to the fair-
est and loveliest of God's works, and felt
only by them, to which man must, at least
in part, ever remain a stranger.

"IS HE RICH?"

Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is
broken, many a life is rendered miserable,
by the terrible infatuation which parents
often manifest in choosing a life-compan-
ion for their daughters. How is it possi-
ble for happiness to result from the union
of two principles so diametrically oppo-
site to each other in every point, as virtue is to
vice! And yet, how often is wealth con-
sidered a better recommendation to a young
man than virtue. How often is the first
question which is asked respecting the sui-
tor of a daughter, this: 'Is he rich?' Yes,
he abounds in wealth; but does that af-
ford any evidence that he will make a kind
and affectionate husband? 'Is he rich?'
Yes, 'his clothing is purple and fine linen,
and he fares sumptuously every day;' but
can you infer from this that he is virtuous?
'Is he rich?' Yes, he has thousands float-
ing on every ocean; but do not riches
sometimes 'take to themselves wings and
fly away?'—and will you consent that your

daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth?—Ah, beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a bearded hook. Ask not then, 'Is he rich?' but 'Is he virtuous?' Ask not, if he has wealth, but has he honor? and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

Religion.

For the Ladies' Pearl. STANZAS.

As fade the rainbow tints away,
When Sol descends behind the west,
Or darkling clouds obscure his ray,
And on his surface dimly rest;
As the golden tinge of evening,
When darkness thick o'erspreads the sky;
Or the sombre shades of morning
Flee, when Aurora gleams on high;
As gray mists from the mountain top,
When morning beams break forth apace,
Towards the heavens, ascending up,
Leave their transient resting place;
As the yellow leaves of autumn,
When the winds are rudely blowing,
Fall, because the frost has nipped them,
And the ground around are strewing;
As the flower its sweetness loses,
And quickly withers, and decays;
As the short-lived bloom of roses,
In the fervid summer days;
As the empty bubble floating,
On the peaceful bosomed stream;
Or the smallest insect dancing,
In the bright sun's glowing beam;
As the chime of evening bells,
Dies tremulous upon the ear;
Or the soft echoes from wild dells,
Of a rivulet running near;
So earth's loveliest prospects fade,
And all its pleasures flee away;
So beauty, in the grave is laid,
And joys break up their short-lived stay!
Thus all its hopes, so blooming fair,
As quickly perish and decay;
Its riches too, as light as air,
Take swiftest wings and fly away;
It's fame's loud note fal's on the ear,
It's honor so enchants to day;
The first lasts only while we hear,
The latter is as short of stay.

Editorial.

WEALTH.—While nearly every person desires wealth, very few obtain it. Most die in the act of pursuing it. Its influence on the pursuer is extremely delusive.—Promising him immediate possession, it nevertheless constantly eludes his grasp, and yet contrives to make each disappointment a whetstone for his desires. Thus it keeps him in pursuit of shadows, until he one day stumbles into a sepulchre and finds himself poor as in the day of his birth. Yea, and poorer too—for if he brought nothing into the world, he certainly *owed* nothing, but he dies *insolvent*. His insolvency is of the most fearful kind. God is the *creditor*. And what can *man* pay the *Infinite*? He can only remain eternally *insolvent* in the dark abode of Heaven's criminals.

But wealth has a fictitious influence.—Many imagine that the possession of wealth confers extensive influence. This is a mistake, except so far as its influence over dependants is concerned, and where it is connected with benevolence and virtue.—Aside from this, wealth makes a man envied, suspected of tyranny, exaction and hypocrisy. Visit a country village! Inquire for its rich and its poor, and while you find the poor man with few enemies, his rich neighbor is slandered by almost everybody.

False ideas of wealth too generally prevail. Wealth and happiness, in the practical vocabulary of men, are considered *synonyms*. Than this, nothing is more false. Above the supply of our natural wants, wealth is only a care, a burden to its possessor. It is said of George III., King of England, that he once met a stable boy, and inquired what he did, and what he received? The boy replied, he helped round the stable, and received his victuals and clothes. Then, be content, said the royal philosopher, for I have no more!

We should ever prefer *virtue* to wealth. The former will confer bliss; while the latter excites pain and misery. *Virtue* gives influence; wealth excites envy.—

Virtue holds out a wreath of eternal verdure; while wealth only offers us a wreath of sun flowers, that wither and perish when immortality supersedes mortality.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Italians originated the idea of newspapers. The aristocracy of Venice issued the first in the world. It was called *Gazetta*, either from *gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer, or from the Latin *gaza*, which lengthened into *gazetta*, signified a little treasury of news.

The English, however, soon improved the idea, and the era of the Spanish Armada, in the days of "good Queen Bess," marks their introduction there.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.—"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still," is one of our "thousand and one" English proverbs. Its origin is found in the fact that the Vicar of Bray, a town in Berkshire, was first a Papist, then a Protestant; afterwards a Papist again, and once more a Protestant, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth!

When reproved for this unprincipled versatility, and charged with being a turn-coat, he replied,

"Not so, neither! for if I changed my religion, I kept true to my principle; which is, *to live and die the Vicar of Bray!*"

We apprehend that this martyr to principle left a large family, since we find many of his posterity among us to the present day.

NEW ENGLAND CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is the name of a new paper to be published in Lowell, and devoted to the free discussion of all moral questions; to the cause of Emancipation and of Episcopal Methodism. Luther Lee, Editor. E. A. Rice, Publisher. \$2 per annum.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.—This is decidedly the handsomest, cheapest and best literary journal our country affords.—Its typography is beautiful, its matter rich, racy and moral, and its correspondents are among the brightest of the American literary constellation. Published weekly.—

\$2.50 per annum. Messrs. Eli & Hall, publishers, 37 Cornhill, Boston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"D." is again received, and shall have a place hereafter. "P. P." is under consideration. He has talents, but they need development. His poetry we must decline. That we may not appear arbitrary, we insert one verse of it as a specimen:

"Friendship's a buoy to raise the soul
When blighting cares are hovering nigh,
When sorrows wrap around its whole,
And sighs on sighs do multiply."

"Anna" is very acceptable. Will she favor us again soon? Shall we hear from the author of "Alice Thornton" again? Also C. T. C.?

DECREASE OF POPULATION IN ICELAND. In the fourteenth century, according to Haus Finster, a native author of this remote country, the population of Iceland was 120,000; but has decreased until it now numbers only about 54,000.

Few people know themselves, because they find the study of themselves an employment but little calculated to satisfy either their pride or their vanity.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

[The three verses following, belong to the music on the next page.]

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smil'd in her face as she bended her knee,
"Oh, bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

And while they are keeping,
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning,
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy the child's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A ba - - by was sleeping; Its moth-er was weeping, For her

The first system of the musical score for 'The Angels' Whisper'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics 'A ba - - by was sleeping; Its moth-er was weeping, For her' are written below the vocal staff.

hus - band was far on the wild - raging sea; And the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'hus - band was far on the wild - raging sea; And the'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) in the lower right.

tem - - pest was swelling Round the fish-er - man's dwelling, And she

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'tem - - pest was swelling Round the fish-er - man's dwelling, And she'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

cried, "Dermot, dar - ling, O, come back to me!"

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'cried, "Dermot, dar - ling, O, come back to me!"'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.